

DETOUR

by Lindsay Renick-Mayer

And we came,
expecting to learn:
Nothing from the simple,
all from the complex -
reality from science.

Bags dropped,
still bulging:
T-shirts, sweaters, jeans,
toiletries, snacks, linens,
star charts, Astronomy magazine's latest, Sagan's final.

Thirty closeted,
quintessential nerds:
Expecting only Math, Facts, and Statistics;
knowing only Math, Facts, and Statistics,
discovering more.

Dome-shaped ceiling,
window to everything divine:
Among Deneb, Lyra, Vega, Venus,
blue but gold Alberio garishly glitters
above the sixty-one inch mirror.

Sound waves emanate,
bounce and abscond:
"Slowly, gently, night unfolds its splendor
Grasp it, sense it, tremulous and tender,"
to reach Plutonians - a gift from
speechless, star struck dreamers.

It all adds up,
not to math, facts and statistics:
The image, the sound, the feeling
don't reach the brain,
but detour to the heart.

And we left,
learning to expect:
Beauty from the simple,
Intrigue from the complex -
Spirituality from science.